And weary thys long lingring *Phœbus* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art deade

Cuddye.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prise.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Pires.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From *Plutoes* balefull bowre withouten leaue:
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So prayse I babes the Peacoks spotted traine,
And wonder at bright *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Sike

Sike prayse is smoke, that shedeth in
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten so

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler clown
Lyft vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of
Turne thee to those, that weld the awf
To doubted Knights, whose woundles
And helmes vnbrused weren dayly by

There may thy Muse display her flutt
And stretch her selfe at large from Eas
Whither thou list in fayre *Elisa* rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sin
Aduaunce the worthy whome shee loue
That first the white beare to the stake

And when the stubborne stroke of stro
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy
Of loue and lustihead tho mayst thou
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myll
All were *Elisa* one of thilke same ring,
So mought our *Cuddies* name to Hea

Cuddye.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare
Through his *Mecœnas* left his Date
Whereon he erst had taught his flo
And laboured lands to yield the timely
And eft did sing of warres and deadly
So as the Heauens did quake his ver

But ah *Mecœnas* is yclad in clay,
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is de
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in
That matter made for Poets on to p
For euer, who in derring doe were dr
The lofties verse of hem was loued a